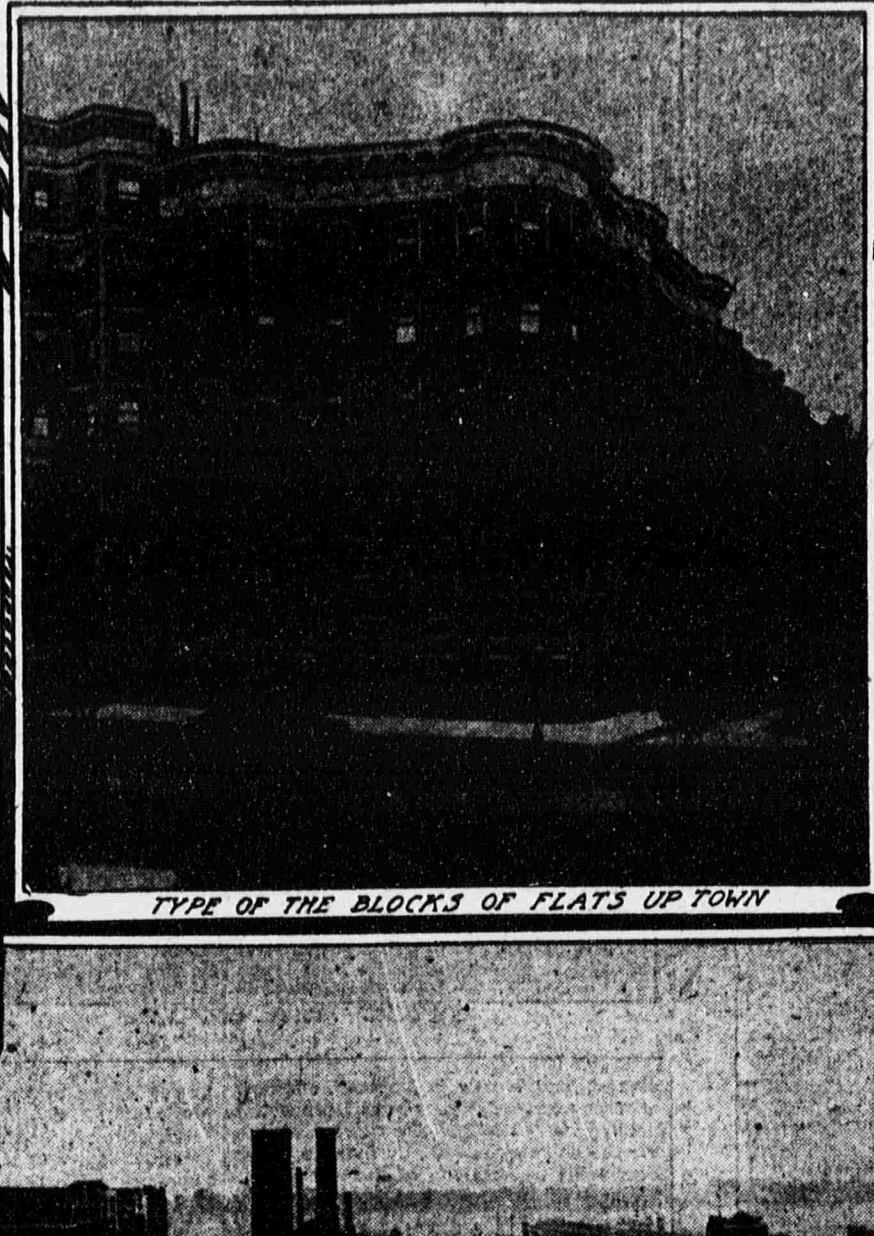


MAKING A WORLD CITY

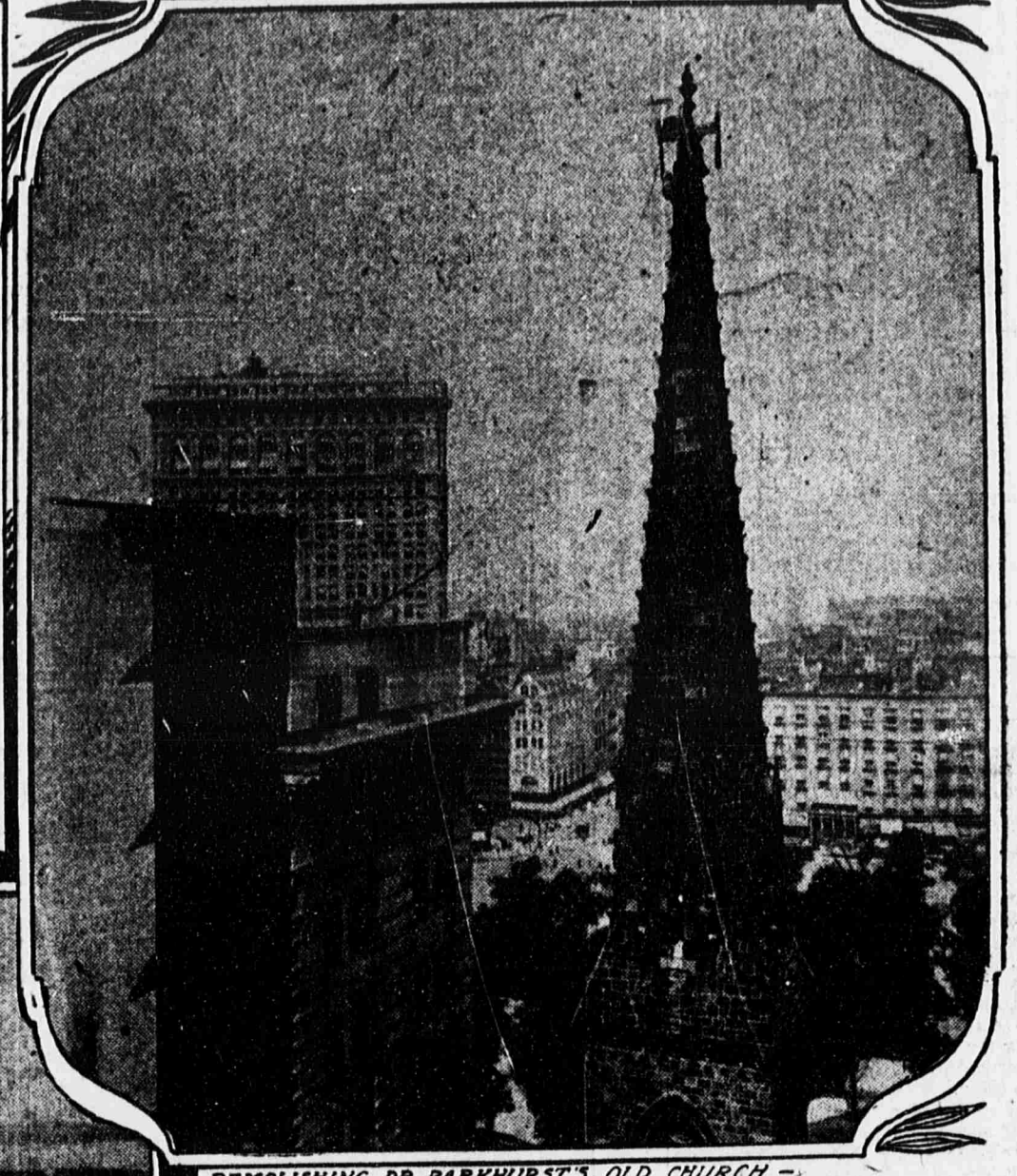
The Reconstruction of New York in Progress—A Stately, Impressive and Wholesome City Rising in Place of the Provincial New York—The Work of Enormous Magnitude



A BUNCH OF SKYSCRAPERS AT WALL AND NASSAU STREETS



TYPE OF THE BLOCKS OF FLATS UP TOWN



DEMOLISHING DR. PARKHURST'S OLD CHURCH—SURROUNDED BY SKYSCRAPERS

The skyscrapers of New York made an unfavorable impression on Maxim Gorky. He says they are rectangular and have "no desire to be beautiful." As a mere statement of fact this proposition can hardly be challenged; but it may be doubted whether business buildings should desire to be beautiful. If it is a canon of architecture that all constructions of whatever type should in appearance express the general character of the use for which they are intended, there seems to be little room for display of high artistic qualities in buildings designed exclusively for utilitarian ends.

Most people feel instinctively that the flowers which the Russian novelist missed "in the windows of these business houses" would be out of place. Architectural refinements would be not less out of place in purely commercial surroundings. Any one who views the skyscrapers of New York with this idea in mind will find much to commend and his judgment must on the whole be favorable.

Their design is generally controlled by good taste, coupled with absence of incongruities and of ill considered details. This is particularly true of the newer buildings, for many experiments and some unqualified failures were inevitable before principles of design appropriate to tall steel frame constructions could be evolved. No doubt there is at times a want of harmony between neighboring buildings of the modern type, but lapses in this particular are not so common as might be expected where the municipal authorities are powerless to enforce uniformity.

In appearance the skyscrapers that are now going up are far superior to the ugly rows of low, unsanitary structures they are displacing. They are at any rate designed by trained architects, and the others frequently were not. The world city that is rising on the site of provincial New York will be stately, impressive and wholesome, though it may not be altogether beautiful.

The process of reconstruction is just now extraordinary in point of magnitude and character. It affects the larger part of Manhattan, but is especially noteworthy in the downtown section. One must bear in mind that every business building which existed in Manhattan sixteen years ago no longer answers the requirements of modern business methods.

Steel frame construction was introduced in 1889, beginning a new era in the commercial housing of the city. Since then, however, so many improvements have been made in fireproofing, sanitation, heating, lighting, passenger elevators and other matters that the early steel frame

structures have themselves become antiquated and some of them have already been marked for demolition. It is probably safe to say that few downtown buildings erected more than ten years ago are regarded as permanent.

A similar situation is present in the residence districts. There private houses are being torn down in large numbers to make way for fireproof apartments and model tenements. Perhaps no array of statistics can impart so vivid an idea of the city's marvellous growth in population and industry as can the knowledge that, while building activity is extending outward in every direction in the wake of new transit facilities, it is at the same time sweeping clear and re-improving a large part of the central borough.

As much property is being destroyed as would be the case were the city visited by a great conflagration, but it is being destroyed in the interest of progress. No doubt this ceaseless tearing down and building up is largely responsible for the impression of restlessness and ruthless energy which New York makes on visitors from abroad.

The reconstruction movement under way in the district south of Fulton street is especially noteworthy. Plans have been perfected for the erection in that limited area of fifteen tall office buildings at a total cost of \$40,000,000. The aggregate amount of rentable office space which they will provide is 2,500,000 square feet. The most active reconstruction period until now was that from 1899 to 1902, inclusive. During that entire period only twelve tall buildings were erected, and the amount of rentable space which they provided was 1,800,000 square feet. It is interesting to note that while the average number of stories in the buildings then erected was seventeen, the average now is twenty-three.

The tendency is not only toward greater height, but toward larger ground area. A few years ago it was generally believed that the extreme limit of height had been reached in office building construction and that in future structures of moderate elevation would be preferred.

It had been discovered that owing to the multiplication of tall buildings owners of the latter were obliged to protect their light and air by the purchase of expensive adjoining property. Inasmuch as a tall structure required the protection of a three or four story building next door, it was argued that the sites of both buildings might have been covered with a single structure of moderate height, say, a dozen stories. However, a way out of this difficulty has been found by building on larger plots, plots comprising either an entire square or a block

front, which assures light on all sides, while permitting a height limited only by considerations of economy in elevator service.

Only one of the buildings now under construction will have fewer than eighteen stories. The new Singer Building will have a tower rising to forty stories, and the building of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will also have a lofty tower. As planned in these structures the tower is virtually a new feature, being designed for revenue rather than for ornament. It is in effect a building placed on top of another. Its earning power amply justifies its cost. The tower plan also admits of an economical disposition of the elevator space in a big structure. It is probable that hereafter variations of the plan will be used wherever sites of considerable area are available. A corporation owning a whole city block will no doubt in future prefer for the purpose of investment a twenty-three or twenty-five story building with a high central tower to any other model.

Downtown leases date from May 1. Because of the huge sums of money tied up during the time of construction every effort is being made to have the new buildings ready for occupancy by the beginning of May next year. Meanwhile agents for the structures have been appointed and are actively engaged in securing tenants. Two-thirds of the floor space in the Howard Carroll Building, for instance, is said to have been rented.

Work on the various structures continues night and day, three shifts of workmen following one another at eight hour intervals. A month's delay would mean a big loss in rentals and in interest. No sooner are the

foundations laid than the steel skeleton is begun.

Behind the steel workers come the masons, placing the tile that forms the floor and increases the capacity of 19,200 passengers an hour each way, and the offices over the terminal will contain a day population equal to that of a good sized town.

The erection of the United States Realty Building on the block bounded by Broadway, Trinity place, Cedar street and Thames street involves a change in the street plans at that point. By arrangements with the city the bed of Temple street has been decided to the United States Realty Company and will be built upon. Thames street has been moved northward so as to give room for a twenty-one story addition to the Trinity Building. The United States Realty Building will be of the same height. This and the enlarged Trinity Building are to be alike in appearance and of about the same dimensions. They are owned by allied interests and represent an investment of \$15,000,000.

The addition to the Singer Building at Broadway and Liberty street will be a fourteen story structure. Its tower of forty stories will reach 564 feet above the curb. The tower will be sixty-five feet square with a dome of four stories surmounted by a cupola. Tower offices above the main structure will rent at \$3 a square foot per annum. The addition to the Singer Building will cost \$1,500,000.

On the south side of Cortlandt street between Broadway and Church street the City Investing Company is clearing the ground for a \$10,000,000 building. One of the structures that are being torn down

in the process is the eight story Coal and Iron Exchange, whose solid brick and stone walls were capable of lasting for centuries. The site of the new City Investment Building comprises the block front on Cortlandt street, with the exception of the Broadway corner, where the old Benedict Building stands, and extends to Broadway, south of the Benedict Building, as well as to Liberty street. The structure will rise to a height of thirty stories. It will contain 500,000 square feet of rentable space. Twenty-one plunger elevators will be installed. The Broadway entrance will cover the whole of the frontage there, 37½ feet. It will open on an arcade 40 feet high, rising through three floors and running through the building to Church street. The Benedict Building, which could not be bought, will remain standing, but to make certain that no tall structure can be erected on its site the City Investing Company has taken a lease of it for eighty years.

The enlarged Singer Building and the City Investment Building will together occupy the greater part of a city square. The West Street Improvement Company, of which Gen. Howard Carroll is president, is erecting a twenty-eight story building on West street, extending from Cedar to Albany street. The structure is notable as the first skyscraper facing the river north of Battery place. West street, now occupied by ghettos, tenements, lofts, and small shops, has a splendid location overlooking the Hudson and convenient of access. It will no doubt be lined eventually with skyscrapers all the way from Battery place to Fulton street.

At the southeast corner of Broadway and Wall street the St. Louis Mercantile Trust Company is putting up an eighteen story building with a base only 30x30 feet. The site is the most valuable in the city, having cost its present owner \$900 a square foot.

The Trust Company of America has a twenty-five story structure under way at 37 to 39 Wall street. The banking rooms on the first floor are to be the handsomest in the city. They are to be in marble, bronze and mahogany. The ceilings, thirty-four feet high, will be supported by marble pillars. The facade of the building will be of marble for seven stories and of red brick with marble trimmings the remaining eighteen.

Enough has probably been said to give a general idea of the extent and character of the downtown reconstruction movement. However, a complete list of the new buildings may be added. It comprises the Boreel Building and the Trinity Building annex at Broadway and Cedar street; the

United States Express Company Building; at Rector street and Trinity place; the Trust Company of America Building, at 37 and 39 Wall street; the twin structures for the Hudson Tunnel Company, on Church street, extending from Cortlandt to Fulton street; the City Investing Building, at Broadway, Cortlandt and Church streets; the Howard Carroll Building, covering the West street block front between Cedar and Albany streets; the addition to the Singer Building, at Broadway and Liberty street, and the extension to the Whitehall Building, at Battery place, West and Washington streets; and the Wall-Exchange, the Seligman, the Cockcroft, the Royal Queen and the St. Louis Mercantile Trust Company buildings.

The list does not include several constructions for which sites below Fulton street have been purchased but for which plans have not yet been filed with the Building Department.

For how large a population will these fifteen skyscrapers with their 2,400,000 square feet of office space provide? In other words, what does their construction signify with regard to business expansion in a single district of this town—the district devoted to banking, brokerage and insurance and to the management of great industrial and transportation corporations?

In one of the big downtown buildings, which has a population of 4,000, the offices contain on an average 100 square feet, and each office has an average of four occupants. On this basis the new buildings should have 25,000 offices, furnishing room for 100,000 people. Not all of these offices, however, will be a net gain; but the old offices were certainly not more than one-fifth as numerous as the new. It seems reasonable to conclude that the new constructions under way in the financial district will produce a net increase of housing for 75,000 or 80,000 people. It is difficult to appreciate the tremendous concentration of wealth and population which is brought about by the multiplication of skyscrapers on a small area of land. The National Board of Fire Underwriters has figured out that the fire hazard in single blocks downtown is equal to that of many cities of the second rank in the West.

Some idea of the enormous traffic in the skyscraper district may be obtained from the fact that in a single day the elevators in the Park Row Building carry as many passengers as the entire street car system of, say, Nashville, Tenn. This was accurately established by the superintendent of the building not long ago. Guards were stationed at the entrances and every person who came in received a ticket, which was taken up by the elevator driver. The tickets when counted at night showed that more than 60,000 persons had ridden in the elevators during the day.

alone and because there was nobody else present to bear the brunt of it, but, anyhow, Steamy hadn't got through saying what he thought about nose nipping water before he broke out in big, hard water blisters from his head to his feet. When he finally pulled into Las Vegas Steamy looked as if he'd been trying to fight a limekiln, and he had to hire a Chinaman to go all over him with a needle and prick the water blisters with which he was completely covered and then swab 'em off with linsseed oil and lime water mixed.

"After that, as I say, Steamy was some reserved in his cussing, and he always took pains, anyhow, that when he felt a cussing fit coming on him, somebody else should be present to stand whatever shoving consequences might ensue, but—"

"It's all right, old man," cut in the New Yorker with an air of surrender. "Steamy wins on the bit. He was the champion of all the cussers. But now I wish you'd tell me, won't you, who's the champion liar of the Southwest?" and Steamy's historian blushed and looked self-conscious.

Irish Language in Church.

From the Edinburgh Review. This year, perhaps for the first time since Queen Elizabeth's day, a service was read in Irish at St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. Ten years ago any man who had predicted such a thing would have been counted a lunatic; to-day many will resent it. Yet none the less it is a sign of a growing feeling that the Church of Ireland, if it is to justify its title, cannot shut itself off from the national life, and the common heritage of a much neglected language and literature has given scope in more ways than this for the writing of ancient epistles.

POWER OF SPEECH OF ONE STEAMY.

A Man Famous in the Southwest, Where There Is Real Swearing Done.

The man from the Southwest stopped to listen to the repartee between a couple of teamsters whose trucks were wedged in a jam in West Broadway.

"Horrible profanity, eh?" observed the New York companion of the man from the Southwest, not without a certain trace of pride in his tone.

"Horrible what?" inquired the Southwesterner, gazing curiously at the New Yorker.

"Profanity—blasphemy—cussing," said the New York man. "Pretty hard to beat out these New York teamsters at cussing when they're wound up and going right."

"Cussing?" snorted the Southwesterner, disgustedly. "Say, embroy, you don't, honest, call that cussing, do you?"

"Well, I'd like to know what you'd—"

"Why, it's the murmuring of low laughing water," cut in the Southwesterner. "It's the wind whispering through the trees, it's a devotional dialogue between a couple of sky pilots. It's a rehearsal for an Fourth League Sunday school lesson."

"It's a da-da, goo-goo, ubbeey-wubbeey conversation between a pair of infants in baby carriages in some park. It's a chit-chat between a couple of old ladies

talking about sunbonnets. It's a heart-to-heart chaw between a pair of seminary girls about what they're going to wear at the graduation exercises."

"It's the love making of a pair of mating cave magpies. It's the— Say, did you never hear of Steamy Burnham, the Cochise freighter?"

"Fact is, Steamy once put a New York man in the Las Vegas Hospital for four months just by making a couple of observations to one of his mules that had cast a shoe. The New York man was riding on the seat while Steamy was in the saddle on his rear mule."

"When the mule's shoe dropped off in the sand Steamy just hopped off his mule, placed his hands comfortably on his hips, cleared his throat, carelessly, grinned pleasantly at the New York man on the seat and heaved himself out of a few observations to mules that couldn't wait to cast their shoes till they got somewhere near a camp. The New York man was hearty looking, with a good, ruddy skin, but after listening to just eight of Steamy's preliminary and introductory words he turned pale and began to quiver and shake."

"Not noticing this, Steamy, turning to the mule with the dropped shoe, continued his remarks in the low, even tone that he always employed on such occasions. The mule shuddered considerably himself as Steamy introduced a few new ones, and then Steamy heard a thump in the wagon. The New York man had toppled right backward from the seat."

"Steamy had to waste a quart or so of precious water throwing it over the New

York man's face to fetch him out of the trance, but the New York man was paralyzed from the waist down when he came to and Steamy had to turn him over to the hospital when he reached Las Vegas the next day. The medical sharp said that the New York man's condition was the result of some severe shock."

"Steamy Burnham never raised his voice much above a conversational tone when he was giving utterance to his little complaints about things, and there wasn't anything vicious or alarming about his looks, either. His face was as candid as a red apple and he never reckoned on hurting or harming anybody. It was the twists and kinks that Steamy gave to ordinary cussing speech that burned and corroded folks that heard him exuding peevish talk for the first time."

"Now you wouldn't think that a wharf rat of a barkeep that had been sipping booze on the St. Louis levee for a dozen years could be burned up much by any kind of cussing, would you? This barkeep was a redhead with as tough a freckled mug as was ever seen from the Peos to the Rio Grande, and he moseyed into the Cochise country because he was too hard even for the St. Louis levee."

"Steamy Burnham wandered into the honkatank where he was sipping juice, one day. Just as Steamy was tossing the first one in the barkeep uttered some kind of a remark, by way of making talk, that caused Steamy to inhale part of the liquor."

"Steamy coughed and spluttered the booze that had gone the wrong way out of his windpipe, pulled the bandanna from around his neck to wipe off his face and mouth, and

then, resting his hands on the bar and looking pleasantly at the wharf rat barkeep from St. Louis, started in to utter a few thoughts that occurred to him at the moment with reference to whiskey that didn't know enough to travel right."

"That wharf rat barkeep was the color of oak yard red hollyhock in less than forty seconds, and before Steamy had got through unravelling his line of ideas about contrary whiskey that hard embroy of a rum slinger from the St. Louis levee had broken out all over his body in the worst case of hives ever seen in the Southwest from Santa Fé to the Needles."

"The sawbones found, too, that he had a bad case of shingles, standing out like quirt welts all around his waist, in combination with the bad case of hives, although the barkeep hadn't had a thing the matter with him up to the minute that Steamy had strolled in and got part of his first drink down wrong."

"There was a husky young carpenter from Phoenix came into the Cochise country to help on a bit of hacienda building. Steamy, passing with his six mule team, stopped off for a few minutes to rest and enjoy the shade and watch the building operations."

"While looking on at the job a piece of scantling fell on Steamy's foot. Steamy, without a word, sat down, pulled off his boot, bathed the bruise, and then, replacing his boot, stood up, stretched and yawned, and then began to relieve himself of the ideas that stole into his mind on the subject of falling scantlings and bruised feet and such like."

"Steamy hadn't got anything like into his stride when that husky looking young carpenter, booming tottery, sat down on a pile of lumber and began to clutch at his hair with his hands. He had a fine head of tight, curly, brownish hair, but when he clutched at it while Steamy stood there cussing in that even tone of his, he found it two handfuls of the tight, curly hair didn't come right out in the husky young carpenter's hands."

"The rest of the hair was all loose, too, and the zephyrs that stole along blew every bit of it from his scalp, leaving him as bald as he was the day he came into the world. The carpenter was so sore over the loss of his hair that he picked up a chisel with which to attack the astonished Steamy. He was too weak to get to his feet and use the chisel, and Steamy, feeling genuinely sorry for the carpenter, mounted his rear mule and drove off."

"The cook of a sheep ranch at a shearing was framing up, as a particular treat, a fine mess of cornstarch pudding for the shearer one day when Steamy happened along. While lighting his pipe Steamy, not seeing where he was going, walked into the out-standing tongue of the cook wagon and tumbled over it on his head, while the fire from his pipe sprinkled over his shirt and burned him."

"Steamy picked himself up, brushed the sparks from his flannel shirt, picked up his pipe, refilled it, lit it and got it going right, and then, sitting down on a soap box, started to unclog the ideas that were in him with respect to people, meaning himself, who didn't know enough to walk around without falling over things."

"Only half a minute before the camp cook, who was stirring that big, fine mess of corn-